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the body to his own house, preparatory to burying it. It was April, but as they were waiting, a violent thunderstorm blew up from the east, the only time that such had ever occurred at that season. Thunder had promised to come to *Xnutli*'s aid, but the latter had died too suddenly to make any appeal; the supernatural one had just learnt of his protégé's death and had come rushing to his assistance. Realizing the danger, the executioner and his friends hastily buried the corpse, throwing over it a number of blood-stained cloths, and finally stamping down the earth. There was a furious hurricane; trees were uprooted, houses shook, the earth over the grave seethed as if in a whirlpool and chunks of it were carried up into the air. Only the potency of the blood on the cloths prevented the return to life of *Xnutli*.[1]

This second unsuccessful attack on the Kitkatla so disheartened the Bella Coola that they made no more raids on their northern foemen who, flushed with victory, became even bolder than before. As usual, the Kimsquit and *Tăl·io* people suffered more than the inhabitants of the main valley. On one of these forays, about 1855, the Kitkatla killed *Q̓oixweliotl*, a brother of *Potles*, the leading chief of the Bella Coola at the time. This was contrary to all the rules of warfare since he was a member of one of the leading families and the donor of many potlatches, a man whose name was as well known as that of *Potles*, *Nukăpinkam* of Fort Rupert, or *Tcubsa* himself. The fame of such chiefs was enough to protect them except during the actual heat of conflict, and the Bella Coola were justly angry.

A few years later a single canoe came paddling up North Bentinck Arm and was beached about half a mile from the head. Scouts investigated, and returned to *Q̓omqo·ts* with news that the occupants were Kitkatla, and that *Tcubsa* himself was among them. At once there was heated discussion among the people of the lower valley. Many who had lost relatives in the protracted struggle wished to wipe out the party; others, to see what they wanted. A few daring individuals skulked through the forest and fired on the visitors at long range; they were answered, not with bullets, but by the four times holding aloft of a moose-skin, a sign of friendly intentions. If the strangers had fired on the scouts, a fight would have ensued, but this peaceful reception disarmed suspicion.

[1] This tale is a curious illustration of the manner in which supernatural elements become woven into accounts which have an historical basis. It is to be assumed that the wanderers were in a suggestible state owing to privation, and readily believed that supernatural powers must have assisted them. *Xnutli* was feared as a sorcerer, and probably boasted of a visitation from Thunder during his wanderings. This was accepted and the incorporation of impossible incidents followed in due course.

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Tcûsa remained encamped for several days, during which time he sent word to the Bella Coola that he regretted the death of *Qoîxweliotl* and had come to make peace. He added that his followers had tried to dissuade him, saying that he would be killed, but he had answered that he was too great a man to allow fear to influence his actions.

Having waited for several days, the party came up the Bella Coola River, their canoe loaded with presents and eagle down, while *Tcûsa*'s brother, *Ne·slo·s*, wore the mask of his *tutwinam* as further proof of friendly intentions. It was unusual to display one except in a *sisaok* ceremonial, but this was an unprecedented event; he knew that he might soon be killed and he preferred to die while bearing the obvious mark of incorporation with some incident of an ancestral myth. The canoe was beached opposite the house of *Potlas* where the crew blew eagle down into the air to mark their peaceful mission. Men had gathered from all parts of the Bella Coola valley and several hot-heads wished to disregard the safe-conducts and slay their enemies, a course which they had recommended for several days and had tried to precipitate by overt acts against the Kitkatla. *Potlas* himself had not spoken, but he now appeared and advised the people not to harm *Tcûsa*, since everlasting hostility would result. Though his wishes did not entirely quiet the angry ones, they virtually assured the Kitkatla of a welcome. *Potlas* brought forward a moose-skin, and told some of his people to hold it spread so that, when *Tcûsa* leapt from his canoe, he would land upon it, and could be carried to the house without putting foot to the ground. *Tcûsa* answered proudly that there was nothing on earth strong enough to support him, since his many potlatches had made him incomparably heavy. None the less, he accepted the honour, an assistance to landing shown only to mighty chiefs, and was carried into the house where he was seated in the far right-hand corner, an honourable location. *Potlas* invited all the people in the vicinity, slaves as well as Bella Coola, and the inner partitions of the house had to be removed to provide space for the throng.

Though *Potlas* had decided against the immediate killing of the Kitkatla, he had concocted a scheme to test their bravery and the sincerity of their desire for peace. No one knew of this except his nephew, *Ne·xwnkai*, who was to carry it out. When all were seated, the latter appeared, his face smeared with ashes, and his hair tied up in a top-knot with weasel skins as is customary during war. *Ne·xwnkai* moved sunwise around the house, brandishing a musket and repeatedly pointing it at *Tcûsa* in a threatening manner. If the Kitkatla had shown nervousness, particularly if one of them had fired his own musket, a massacre would have resulted. But they remained unmoved, confident in the prestige of their leader, while he knew that though his body might be

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B T 648 728 killed, his reputation would only be increased by the manner of his death. At length *Ne·xwinkai* fired into the air; not until a shower of eagle down was blown forth did anyone realize that his musket had been loaded with nothing more deadly. This marked the establishment of friendly relations.

B T [535] [431] The Kitkatla had brought their own singers, who now began to beat out time for *Tcibisa* to perform a *sisaok* dance. He was followed by several other chiefs, and then the strangers gave presents to influential Bella Coola on the most lavish scale. *Potlas* likewise performed a *sisaok* dance, and bestowed gifts on the guests to validate it; such were, of course, not returnable. A meal was then served, and after that *Tcibisa* made a speech of which the gist was that the Bella Coola had previously known his achievements as a warrior, they now knew his nobility and bravery in risking his life, and that the name *Tcibisa* could never be forgotten, irrespective of his own fate.

Tcibisa left soon afterwards. It was somewhat difficult fully to comprehend his motive in thus risking his life. Undoubtedly his main object was to display his valour and disregard of danger. Moreover, it gave him an opportunity to impress these qualities upon the Bella Coola, and thus to exhibit his prowess actually within the enemy's camp, which must have been a source of tremendous gratification to him. The alleged motive, regret at killing a chief, may have been a contributory factor.

B T 648 556 574 [721] Although this visit was an intimation from *Tcibisa* that the Bella Coola need have no further fear of him, the suspicions of years could not be immediately allayed; in fact, an occasional skirmish still took place although *Tcibisa* himself refrained from fighting. A few years after his visit to Bella Coola, *Potlas* prepared to give a potlatch to which he determined to invite the northern chief. Many of the Bella Coola doubted whether the Kitkatla warriors would respect the safe-conduct usually afforded to envoys, and no one was anxious to bear the invitation. At length six chiefs volunteered for the task and set out, though with many misgivings. They stopped *en route* at Bella Bella where a chief of that tribe, *Omgu*, joined the party; he thought that he would have influence with the Kitkatla and might add protection to the Bella Coola. Fearing to be seen by any small Kitkatla bands, the delegation travelled only by night until they could actually reach *Tcibisa*'s village. As they paddled up, they indicated their mission by singing one of *Potlas*'s *sisaok* songs. On hearing this, *Tcibisa* asked one of his Bella Coola slaves whose song it might be, and when he answered that it was one of *Potlas*'s, *Tcibisa* despatched a chief, *Kwinao*, to invite the guests to his house. *Omgu* was thankful when he saw this man approaching, since he felt that it heralded a friendly welcome. The party was conducted to *Tcibisa*'s

1 [i.e. to the peace negotiations - ANALYST]

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he too delayed action until the foremost craft of the next town had arrived. This was continued until the whole flotilla, which had extended for nearly five miles, was ranged in an irregular mass around the envoys. The captain of the last canoe was *Q!waxliällis*, a Fort Rupert chief and validated warrior who had taken an unassuming position because he had Bella Coola blood in his veins and was unwilling to kill his kinsmen; he had been unable to dissuade his fellows from the expedition, but had determined to take little part in it himself. The reputation of this man was so great that it was decided by universal consent to leave the fate of the messengers in his hands. But when *Q!waxliällis* arrived, the canoes were massed so closely that he could not even see the cause for the delay. He entered a small craft and managed to make his way to the centre of the throng, where he quickly sized up the situation and bitterly upbraided those who had failed to keep their oaths. Then he donned his war accoutrements, killed a single Bella Bella silently and unemotionally, then withdrew to the edge of the flotilla. Thus encouraged, an attack was made on the unfortunate messengers. One of them unshipped the mast, stood in the bow and offered a stout resistance by swinging this around like a heavy club, killing one of his foes. Another plunged overboard and in the confusion managed to swim ashore. When the massacre was over, *Q!waxliällis* called out in a loud voice:

"*Sonx*ʷ will fall upon us for our sin. Take care. I am going home."

He turned and paddled homewards, followed by the other canoes from his own village. His real reason was to assist his Bella Coola kinsmen, but none of the Kwakiutl realized that. After some discussion, the whole expedition was abandoned.

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The Bella Bella survivor eventually made his way home with the news which was received with great astonishment, disregard of a safe-conduct to potlatch messengers being virtually unknown. The ceremony itself was postponed and finally abandoned owing to the death of the intending donor. No punishment was meted out to the offenders by a third tribe, either because the ritual was committed against a foreign tribe instead of among themselves, or because the offenders came from so many villages that it was impossible to isolate the guilty.

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After this calamity, *Siwid* himself made no more efforts to raid the Bella Coola. About twenty-five years later, when he was an old man, he made a peaceful visit northward to establish friendly relations; he was welcomed and no more hostile acts were committed by his followers during their chief's lifetime. On his death, his son, who was also warlike in disposition, tried to stir up trouble but was restrained by the influence of the white man which had become dominant on the coast by that time.

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[728] *yèlxmax:* Peace ceremony.
Yèlxlx: Bella Coola carpenter living in the last century.
yen·imut: Ceremonial error.
[534] *Yentsänl:* House of the first settlers at *Sätlia* in the beginning of time.
yet·en: Rattle.
[425] *yet·mm:* The sending back of a name to the family of its original owners through a return marriage, or the proposal to do so,, made by the relatives of the wife.
[583] *yetsalt; plural, yetsält; vocative plural, yetsalt:* A woman who has attained an honourable position through being many times repurchased from her husband; virtually, a female chief.
[554] *Yèlqwikaiya:* Kitlobe chief living in the beginning of time.
Yexasila: Kusiut name of a Kimsquit man.
[825] *yexdimut:* Fire-holder carried by Thunder.
yexo'maitl: Old, female sea-lion.
Yexlin: Ancestral name of a *Sinxl* man.
Yexwomaitl: Ancestral name of a Kimsquit woman.
[372] *Yulätimut:* One of the supernatural Carpenters.
yukmta: Sticks for making fire.
yupàlx: Promontory.
yu'pätl: The actual appearance of a performer at an *a'alk* dance during a potlatch.
Yuqwa·t: ustämg village.
Yuyuhmgl: Stone on the shore of Dean Channel believed to have been a man a long time ago.
Yuyulk"mai: 1—One of the first men to settle at *Älqälxl* in the beginning of time.
2—One of the first men to settle at *Snuloli* in the beginning of time.